

THE DAILY LIFE.

"Well, what now, George?"
By the voice, by the manner, one might infer that it was by no means an unusual question. The scene was a fair little woman any-where from thirty to forty, neatly dressed, and wearing a smile on her face. "Trouble, as usual," was the reply, and the poor man, as he spoke, wore an expression so woe-begone that one might fancy he had just come from looking into his own open grave.

"What is the trouble, George?"
"Salary isn't ready—never in on quarter-day. I'm expected to be ready—people won't excuse me because I'm the minister—I declare! I'm almost tempted at times to wish I had been!"

"There, there, George, that will do," and a hand came flitting up to his lips. "Think of the Master, dear—that's the only way when trouble comes."
"But to be so dependent, Mary—to have to ask—I declare it humiliates a man, puts all sorts of things into my head. The best assurance that I am not a hanger-on here, at Vineyard, would be money, just now, not words."

"Oh! well, George, it will come soon; and the tradesmen will not worry you, because we're a day or two behindhand—they have always had their way."

"Yes, but they want it at the right time, just as I do."
"Suppose you step out and have a good cup of tea?" asked Mary, seeing that it was useless to combat with his mood. George Weston had not always been a fretful man, but possessing very nice ideas of justice and propriety, and a keen sense of honor, he had acquired the habit by being often put off, sometimes unjustly, until he seemed in a fair way of becoming a constant faultfinder. He was a good man—his sermons were studied on his knees—his Maker was his consideration, but his own precarious fault seemed in a fair way to overshadow his many excellencies.

"Mary, your tea is smoky," he said, with the air of a deeply injured man.
"Why! so it is," replied his wife, smilingly; "the first time it ever happened, too. I'll have more made immediately."
"I did hope I should find some comfort at home," he said, ungraciously.

The speech cut Mary to the heart. She was a most devoted wife, and she knew that at one time he would have overlooked such trivialities.
"I'll soon have it remedied," she said, pleasantly.

"That's what they all tell me," he muttered, his face overcast—"bye-and-bye, or 'pretty soon.' I wish people would do right!"

His wife was silent—the peace of that soul was destroyed—it was not the first time—it was not the second.

Ten over, the minister and wife adjourned to the sitting-room.
"I wonder where my concordance is?" he queried, searching unwillingly. "I surely left it here, on the table."
"I think you put it upstairs," said his wife, speaking with a pleasant smile, but she commanded her feelings.

"No! didn't; I'm certain I left it here. That is always the way? Why can't things be left as I place them? Really, my dear, I like your habits of order, but to put every thing out of the way!"

"I think you took it to the study, George."
"I know I did it," he said, persistently.
"Well, suppose I find it there?" queried Mary, rising.

"You can do it," he replied, hurriedly. "I arose with a look that tried to be smiling, and hastily, so as to hide the brimming tears, she went out. There, on the study-table, laid the book. For one moment only, she threw herself into a chair, leaned her head on the table, and wept like a child. Then she hastily removed the traces of tears as fast as she could, and taking up the book, strove for composure. She held it before her face, as she entered the sitting-room; partly to hide the grief plainly visible, and exclaiming, "There! you see! It was on your study-table!"

"Why! then I made a mistake, supposing I left it on your table. Thank you; but—Why! Mary, are you ill? How pale you look! you have been weeping!"

The ill-restrained tears broke forth again, and something very like a sob followed.
"Mary, what is it? You are unhappy," he said, almost frightened. "Have I—there he paused—"what have I said or done?" he resumed, conscience-stricken.

"I suppose I ought not to mind it," she murmured, chokingly; "but sometimes it hurts so hard!"

"What seems so hard, Mary? Were you hurt because I spoke about the tea? because I was so sure about the book? I am very sorry."

"Oh! no, no, not wholly that; but it is the habit you have formed, that seriously threatens the happiness of our home. Oh! George, if you would but carry your Christian theories into practice!"

"Into practice? Why, Mary, do you not think I am a Christian?"

"Oh! George, most surely; I know you are; and yet these little trifles, and fretfulness are fast controlling your better judgment. I'm afraid you don't look to God for little helps."

At that moment the door-bell rang. One of the deacons of the society had called, and from her corner, Mary heard him exclaim, with some warmth:

"It's too bad, Brother Weston; too bad your salary wasn't paid you promptly at the moment. When I heard of it, I started right off, and here it is with a little present from my son-in-law, whom you married last week."

"Thank you, brother," said the young minister, with a full heart.
"And you needn't say I told you, in fact I shan't tell you what night it is, but our folks are doing greater things, and I suppose they want to surprise you; at any rate look out for something this week. I don't hold to people being taken in that way wholly unprepared, myself, so I told them they needn't count on me for keeping their secret, but then I haven't told on 'em."

After the good brother had gone the minister counted the money. Twenty dollars over! the gift of the young man he had married recently. As he made an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, he met the eyes of his wife. In an instant he remembered his want of faith, his miserable lack of patience, the tears he had brought into her gentle eyes. The thought humiliated him much more than the not of asking for his salary had ever done. He felt lowered in his own estimation. For a moment a vision of himself in the pulpit, fervid, earnest in every service, seeking to do the grandest work of a lifetime; to snatch immortal souls from peril; to turn them from darkness into light, came before his vision, and then, in miserable contrast, his foolish, peevish, unkind rebuke to his wife at the supper-table; his irritable, childish fretting since that time; his general uncomfortable, unamiable manner when he had been in any slight degree worried outside of his own walls.

"Well, thank God!" he exclaimed to himself, while tears of contrition welled to his eyes, "the Christian has a looking-glass that reflects him just as he is. Every ugly feature of his soul is laid bare, and he can not rest, if he feels as he does, and

he has striven to wipe the black spots away."
He went to his study repentant. An hour afterward he came into the little sitting-room again. Mary sat sewing, a quiet, thoughtful expression making his face more gentle than even his usual wont.

"Mary," he said, drawing his chair closer to her, "Mary, I have been unkind, forgive me."
"O, no! you did not mean to be unkind," she said, softly.

"To be willfully thoughtless is to be willfully wicked," he replied. "Both my temper and words have been unchristian. As you hinted, I have not prayed for grace to bear little trials. I have longed to endure some mighty sorrow—even martyrdom—forgetting that God does not give us trouble of our own choosing, and that I am poorly fitted to bear the heavy burden when I fitted to bear the little weights that touch my shoulders. But I have been confessing and praying, and with God's help, I will try to be a good minister at home, as well as in the pulpit. I shudder when I think how crookedly I have been training my soul. O, if I could keep it in the straight and narrow path!"

The next day the young minister remembered. Many a time he was on the point of giving way to some nervous depression, some irritable mood, but the thought of his study and his prayer for grace, brought up all his resolution, and he refrained from allusion to his petty trials. And how sweet he found the reward! In looking back to his Sabbath ministrations he did not blush as he thought of the tear he had started, or the hope he had awakened in others. He could control himself as well as lead them, and the thought gave him unalloyed pleasure.

On the night of the donation visit his heart overflowed with thankfulness toward his people. How kindly they came with their gifts and their words of pleasant cheer.

Old Deacon Hoyle, the man of all others who never gave him encouragement of words, scarcely of look, placed a purse of one hundred dollars in his hand, saying, "Brother, here is a little substantial prize."

The minister was much affected; for often had he felt toward this stern-visaged man, and not seldom had he made his wife's heart the heavy repository of his uncharitable surmises toward the old deacon. Then there was little Alice Leighton, one of the sweetest lambs in the flock, who came with a dear little keepsake, as she stepped down to kiss her, she faltered, in a childish voice, "Dear minister, I have found Jesus."

O, that was better than all the gold! Here, then, was one seal of his mystery. While he had been groping and stumbling among little troubles, and he had been the publican under his feet, a shining soul had been born into the kingdom of heaven.

In the midst of all the congratulations, the beautiful gifts, the kindly smiles, the pastor thought of all his ingratitude, and he turned his heart to God, that he would keep himself henceforth, and never, never leave him to the dominion of trifles. It was unto him even as he wished. The saintliness of his face told of the peace within; for daily conquering brought daily grace. He never needed to condemn himself as an unworthy minister, because he was better in the pulpit than out of it—he never needed to reproach himself for a wife's sad face, for he was as careful of her feelings as he wished others to be of his own. Thus he grew in stature, and man of God. Upon his calm face were written the peace and joy of his life, and a many a soul, redeemed through his Christian labors, gave evidence that his daily life as well as his Sabbath labors had been instrumental in leading him to Christ.

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